

Loch Rannoch Moor

In the lone glen the silver lake doth sleep;
Sleeps the white cloud upon the sheer black hill;
All moorland sounds a solemn silence keep;
I only hear the tiny trickling rill.
Heath, the red moss athwart the dim grey pall
That veils the day a dusky fowl mayfly,
But on this bleak ground more if thou shalt call
For men a spirit will sooner make reply,
“Come hither thou, whose agile tongue doth flit
From theme to theme with change of wordy war;
Converge with men makes sharp the glittering wit,
But wisdom whispers truth when clouds are far.
Come sit thee down upon this old grey stone;
Men learn to think and feel and pray alone.”

25th September 1902

John Grant